

Oblivion by nieveblancas

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Amnesia? kind of, Anxiety Attacks, Bi Richie Tozier, F/M, Gay Eddie Kaspbrak, Killer Clown, M/M, Nightmares, Other, Poly! Losers, SO, Their parents are wack, bill hits all the older sibling in the feels, eddie's gay but he loves bev anyway, georgie's still dead, he's my only stable plot point smh, i didnt know i needed mike and richie content but i do, im sorry, ngl, show my boy mike love you racists, sibling whump, that too!!

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverley Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Georgie Denbrough, Mike Hanlon, Pennywise (IT), Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, The Losers Club - Character

Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/Mike Hanlon/Ben Hanscom/Eddie Kaspbrak/Beverly Marsh/Richie Tozier/St Stanley Uris, Bill Denbrough/St Stanley Uris, Mike Hanlon/St Stanley Uris, Richie Tozier/ Eddie Kaspbrak, The Losers Club/The Losers Club (IT)

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2019-09-25

Updated: 2019-12-06

Packaged: 2019-12-17 16:35:28

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 4

Words: 9,351

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Bill and his friends survived a killer-alien-clown -thing. They grow closer and continue living their lives.

It takes a long time before Bill realizes he forgot Georgie. Like he never mattered. Sure, he knew he was dead. But it had been a whole week before he realized. The worst part? Everyone's beginning to forget to, Georgie, their trauma, each other. And they don't know how to stop it.

Or,

Bill forgets Georgie and the Losers realize they are too. Panic and Big Sad ensue.

1. Bill

Author's Note:

So, I love my It kids. Let's make them hurt >:3

Hope you enjoy?

Bill's memory had always been his academic life-saver. Always good with faces and reminders, being able to directly quote a teacher's lecture from months ago. All the other losers always rushing to him for dates and times, when papers were due. He had been the first one to remember everyone's birthdays. For all his speech failed, his mind made up with information.

Which is why it startles him when he walks past a room -Georgie's, his mind vaguely supplies- and has to stop. Chest heavy, Bill turns to face the door. A shaky hand holds the knob as he takes a step in.

Empty space stares back at him. The floor was dusty, and the only light was streaming through the closed blinds. His mind struggling to find out why he felt so sad, his chest felt like it was collapsing with each breath.

Guilt. It was guilt. Bill exhaled shakily before taking steps backward and slamming the door. Tears clung to his eyelashes and stung his eyes. Briskly walking back to his room before someone found him shaky-kneed in the hallway, Bill's mind raced frantically.

How could he forget Georgie? His little brother, his dead little brother! His cheeks were burning, and Bill vaguely recognized the feeling of damp tear streaks running down as he wiped his eyes. He took a few shuddering breathes before reaching for the talkie on his bedside. Switching to channel 6, he took a steeling breath before speaking.

"Richie, you c-copy? O-over." Bill spoke, only having to wait a few seconds before the line came crackling to life.

"Present, Billy boy. What can I do to assist you, good sir? Over."

Richie replied his stupid proper voice that made Bill laugh softly belted. He smiled as he answered.

“Radio Eddie a-and S-Stan, tell t-them I-I called a meeting at the clubhouse in t-t-twenty. Over.” Bill fleetingly thought that Eddie would be glad he didn’t stutter his name.

“Copy that Billiam. You’ll go look for Ben, Bev, and Mike, right? Over.” Bill’s lips twitched upward. For how often Richie fought him and challenged him, he would always follow Bill. Something in Bill flinched at the notion- like it wasn’t right, he vaguely thought- and he pushed the button to answer Richie.

“Y-Yeah. O-Over.” Bill waited for a beat before the thin boy answered again.

“Alright. I’ll go radio the other two. See you in twenty, big Bill. Over and out.” Bill sniffed with a small smile as he rubbed his eyes harshly. Breathing one more deep breath, the tall boy stood from his position on the bed and slung a backpack over his shoulder.

Once he filled the bag with snacks, Bill rushed over to the garage, a dull ache in his chest and his dad didn’t look at him making his stride stutter, but he kept going and soon was peddling over to Bev’s place, which was a little closer to the library than her old home.

He pushed the kickstand down on Silver and left his bag on the yard. He dusted off his pants, nervously as he waited for someone to open the door after he rang the doorbell.

“Bill? What are you doing here?” Bev shuffled out and shut the front door softly as she spoke.

“I- I called an m-m-meeting a-at the club-huh-house but you, ben and mike d-don’t have t-talkies, so.” Bill gave a shrug as he finished. Beverley stared at him for a beat before a beaming grin replaced the thoughtful frown that was on her face.

“Alright! I’ll get my bag, and we can head out. I’ll need a ride though,” Beverley mentioned, glancing at Silver at the end of the driveway. Bill smiled and nodded, laughing loudly when Bev

squealed “yes!” and scurried back into the house.

He sauntered over to the bike and sat down on the seat to wait. Beverley came back outside the minute he bent his knees, so he pushed the kickstand and stiffened a bit as Beverley jumped on, to make sure they didn’t topple to the ground.

They rode in silence to the library, Bev resting her head against his back. They pulled up to the library and clambered off. They left Silver on the grass because who has the time to put her on a rack? Not them, that’s for sure. Beverley leads the way since she knew where Ben liked to sit in the library.

Sure enough, Ben’s there, calmly flitting through a sizeable book. Beverley calls his name, and he immediately grins at the two.

“Hi, guys, what’s up?” Ben’s grin was always infectious, so Bill can’t help but grin back before remembering that he hasn’t answered.

“I c-called a meeting at the clubhouse, and w-w-we’ve got 7 minutes to go get M-M-Mike and make our w-w-w-way down t-there,” Bill said. Ben hummed and picked up his book, gently placing it into his bag. They exited together, and Ben got onto his bike, riding next to him and Beverley as they made their way up to Mike’s farm.

Bill, Ben, Bev walked up the hill, where they saw Mike carrying a bag of Manure into a truck. His grandpa tipped his hat at him and sped down the road in the car, taking the bags who-knows-where. Mike wiped his forehead before seeing them and smiling tiredly.

“Hey guys, what’s-” Before Mike could finish, Bev sighed and grabbed his wrist, dragging him over to his bike as she talked.

“I’ve already listened to this dork explain this to Ben and me, and we’re about to be late, so here’s the short version: Bill called a meeting at the clubhouse. We’re gonna be late. Let’s go, Mikey!” Beverley laughed, pushing Bill onto his bike, and her boys scrambled to follow, their laughter carried in the wind and echoing across the fields.

By the time they get to the clubhouse, Eddie and Richie are already in the hammock, play fighting over a comic that Bill can vaguely recognize as an early issue of Doom Patrol. Stan was reading a bird book, playing with the fabric of the shower cap shoved onto his head. They all clamber in, and once they seem settled in, Richie is the one to break the silence.

“So, Billy boy, why’d you call a mandatory loser meeting so suddenly? I had to cancel my five o’clock with Miss Kaspbrak-” Richie choked on his own spit when Eddie flung a twig, and they hit his glasses. Bill expertly ignored their bickering and instead took a deep breath, somehow knowing this was going to kill their summer mood for who knows how long.

“I-I fuh-forgot G-Ge-Georgie,” Bill whispered, his hands clenching in his lap frantically. The air went cold, and no one said anything for what felt like eons. Richie breaks the silence again.

“Shit, Bill.” Richie sighed, wiping the palms of his hands on his shorts.

“Y-Yeah,” Bill exhaled, rubbing his cheek harshly. Everyone pressed closer together, trying to comfort him.

“T-they cleaned o-o-o-out h-his r-room an-and I-I didn’t e-even n-n-n-no-shit,” Bill whimpered. He rubbed his nose red frantically, eyes burning horribly. Stan clicked his tongue and put a hand in Bill’s hair. Beverley held his hand in hers, Mike touched his knee softly, and Eddie put his hand on Bill’s forearm. Ben gave him a quick side hug, seeing as he was the second farthest from the circle.

Richie was the only one to not hold him, too busy cussing out his parents to hell and back.

“Those absolute motherfuckers! How could they- ugh, when I get their slimy necks in my hands I swear-” Richie cut off with a huff, rubbing his eyes irritably from under his glasses. Bill’s breathing stuttered and quickened a bit. Mike frowned and held out his other hand to Richie.

“Rich, c’mon,” Mike warned in his soft-parental voice. Richie

immediately deflated, the tension leaving his previously tense shoulders. He slumped over, and weakly took Mike's hand. Mike pulled Richie down, hard enough that the lanky boy tumbled practically into his lap. Richie didn't shift, instead choosing to lean back into Mike.

"Sorry, Billy boy. Couldn't help but get riled up, to protect your honor, sir." Richie used his British voice, making Bill huff with laughter. Richie grinned and scrunched his nose up, crossing his eyes at Bill.

Suddenly, they were all laughing while Eddie squabbled with Richie about how his face would stay like that if he kept crossing his eyes. Richie just cackled harder and lunged at Eddie, the boy squealing and unsuccessfully trying to scramble away. Everyone roared with laughter and choked on their own spit.

Bill snickered and sniffed, one of the last to sober up. Richie was still giggling to himself faintly when Stan fumbled out a sentence in a squeaky voice.

"I, I forgot too."

2. Stan

Summary for the Chapter:

Stan feels his heart plummet when he looks around the room and realizes that his friends didn't immediately remember Georgie, just like he hadn't.

Notes for the Chapter:

un-beta'd. Also,, generally bad writing lol. Might be rushed,, who knows :)

Stan always hated his father's painting. The office was cold and uninviting, but the painting of the twisted lady held almost all of the hatred Stan could express in his heart. He made sure to avoid the room altogether, but if absolutely necessary, he'd block his view of the painting.

So, when his father asks him to retrieve the Torah from his bookshelf, Stan felt the unease settle into the base of his spine. He nodded jerkily and padded past the man, shrinking under his gaze. Stan approached the door and was suddenly hit by a wave of unadulterated terror.

With a shaking hand, Stan pushed open the dark wood door, throat tight and face burning. The painting sat innocently on the wall to his left, the twisted image of a lady and her flute making his heart beat faster, anxiety hitting him like he's never felt before burning his skin. Stan takes three steps forward, feeling unbalanced. It's all he can take before he was scrambling out backward, blindly reaching behind him to make sure he doesn't fall.

He remembers so fast and so vividly that it makes his head pound and eyes water. The scriptures. A flute trills. The thump of metal hitting the ground behind him. Her twisted smile, mouth filled with sharp teeth. The clown.

It floods Stan's mind like a tsunami, whirring around his head at speeds that make him nauseous. He gags, pulls his hand up to his mouth, and dashes back down the hall, chest aching with fear.

Later, when he's done gagging up bile, his father finds him and scolds him for not bringing him the book he asked for. Stan ducks his head and apologizes, blearily thinking his father was nothing compared to that stupid painting.

-

Stan sits on the couch in the living room, his bird journal sat neatly in front of him. He had just found another entry in the encyclopedia, and he was neatly copying it into his journal, along with the little sketch of the bird.

He had just started shading in the little dots on its wings when he hears the radio stashed in his nightstand crackle upstairs. Stan jumps and his pencil clatters to the floor. He looks at the pencil, distantly disappointed, and takes a breath before bracing himself against the coffee table. Standing shakily on numb legs, he rushed up the stairs and swerved into his room, where he could here Richie's loud complaining.

"C'mon Stanley! Stanely the manely, stan the man, my main squeeze, do you copy?" Stan stopped and stared at the drawer blankly, considering not answering for a moment before sighing and opening the drawer. He pressed the button and slowly drawls out his answer.

"I copy, Richard. What do you want? I was in the middle of a very important bird cataloging, over." Stan huffed into the talkie. Richie snickered back a beat later.

“Well, hurry up and get your rocks off to that bird, Stan, ‘cuz Bill wants us down at the clubhouse in sixteen.” Richie bellowed. Stan winced and pinched his face. Bill always managed to interrupt his bird time. He picked up the bird book lying on his bed and looked around for his shoes. He answered as he crouched down to look under his bed.

“Alright Richie, I’ll meet you down there. Over and out.” Stan grumbled into the machine, tossing onto his bed. He ambled back downstairs once he found them, his book tucked into his old satchel. His mother sat at the kitchen table, reading glasses slipping off her nose as she worked on her paperwork.

She smiled at him gently and put her pencil down. Stan stopped in front of her and waited for her to speak.

“Where are you going, Stan? Have you finished your homework?” She asked softly. Stan smiled at her, though strained, it seemed to appease her.

“Finished it a while ago, mama. Bill called and asked if we could go over to his, and I figured I could,” Stan said, widening his eyes and raising his eyebrows in a question as he finished. His mother hummed for a moment before nodding.

“Alright, so long as your back in time for dinner, you can go. Tell Miss Denbrough hello for me, will you dear?” She smiled at him one last time before turning back to her work, blocking him out of her mind quickly. Stan sighed and turned away from her, opening the front door and shutting it quietly behind him. He pushed the kickstand on his bike and peddled off in a mannerly pace, his mind going pleasantly blank as he rode toward the forest.

He reaches the hill just before the forest and pushes his kickstand back into place. Stan trekked through the woods for a few minutes

before finding the lid of the clubhouse. He hauled it up and carefully made his way down the ladder.

Looking around, he considered the hammock before shaking his head and walking over to the shower cap tin. Taking one, he proceeded to a carpet near the corner and sat down, making himself cozy and putting on his cap. Stan opened his satchel and pulled out his book, staring at the cover for a second before deflating and staring into the hazy light of the clubhouse.

The painting in his father's office had attacked him. Twice. And he just, forgot? Like it wasn't traumatic? Like he didn't have bite marks surrounding his face? He fought a killer clown in the sewer and forgot.

Stan's head was pounding and he felt acid run up his throat again. He swallowed and whimpered as it burned on its way back down. Stan's eyes watered and he let a few tears slide down his cheeks.

He sat in the corner and cried silently for a few minutes, before he heard the familiar voices of Eddie and Richie bickering, approaching the opening of the clubhouse quickly.

Stan sniffed and wiped his face, curling his knees into his chest and hid his face with his book. Richie clambered down the ladder first, then pulled Eddie down. They continued to squabble as they trotted to the hammock farther from Stan.

Richie forced Eddie into a headlock, the smaller boy squawking violently. Richie cackled as he messed Eddie's hair. He stopped when he noticed Stan in the corner, eyes pink and puffy. Stan sniffed and curled into himself tighter.

"Hey Stanley, what are you doing over there by your lonesome? Come help me christen Edward into the cult." Richie grinned at him and made his way over to Stan, who was still curled into a ball, his nose on his knees as he tried to even out his breathing.

“Mind your own business, Rich.” Stan huffed, hiding his face fully in his legs. His eyes were pounding with the migraine that had settled in his temples. His face felt hot and sweaty. Richie hummed and pushed Stan’s face out of his position, pressing a hand to his forehead.

“We’ve discussed this, Staniel, no can do. Now stop making out with your knobby knees and tell me what’s wrong.” Richie snickered, hand moving up to curl into Stan’s hair. Stan tried to conceal a flinch, which he figured didn’t work because Richie’s teasing smile slipped down into a frown. Stan sighed and figured Richie wouldn’t stop until he knew.

“The painting in dad’s office freaked me out again. It was worse this time though. Full-blown panic and everything.” Stan whispered; mouth still set firmly behind his knees. Richie frowned for a second before grinning goofily.

“Stanny boy, why didn’t you just say so? I mean, I knew you were into boys, but golly gee, Stan, I didn’t know you were afraid of women!” Richie snickered. Stan rolled his eyes but didn’t declare his hate for Richie. Richie frowned again and pulled Stan’s leg towards him. Stan looked at him strangely but didn’t protest the movement. Eddie scrambled over and quickly snuggled into Stan’s side, while Richie laid in his lap.

The new position startled Stan, but he felt his chest warm comfortably and he felt less overwhelmed, so he let his friends occupy his space until he could calm down. They stayed like that for a few minutes, Eddie humming Abba under his breath distractedly. Richie was now reading his bird book, holding it so Stan could read it too.

It only took a few minutes before Stan felt too humid to keep up their huddle pile, but it cheered him up sufficiently. Richie and Eddie retreated to the hammock, idly going through the comic pile right next to it. Stan smiled a bit to himself before continuing his book.

It took the rest of the losers more than twenty minutes to arrive, which bugged Stan a bit, but not too much, so he let it slide when

they hopped down into the burrow. He figured Bill took a bit to explain what was happening to the losers who didn't have talkies yet. Bill, Mike, Ben, and Beverley sat down in the middle of the clubhouse. Stan shuffled over and Richie and Eddie tussled their way over, laughing and pushing each other as they rolled into their open seats at the circle.

As Bill stuttered out Georgie's name, Stan's mind went blank. Who-who's Georgie, why was Bill so upset?

It hits Stan like a freight train. Bill's brother. His murdered baby brother, who they were all forgetting. Stan looked around briefly and recognized the faces of his friends. They forgot Georgie, too. Stan swallowed in an effort to get his throat to open again.

Then, just as the silence was getting dizzying, Richie breaks the silence. Bill laughs morbidly, and in the next second, he's biting his lip and crying as he tells them their parents cleaned out Georgie's room. Stan feels his heart plunge and he does the only thing he could think of, give Bill any form of affection necessary before he spirals. He tucks his hand into Bill's soft hair and lets it curl softly on Bill's scalp. Everyone curls closer to Bill, hugging the sniveling boy tightly.

Except for Richie, of course. He was cursing like a sailor, kicking his feet widely and pulling his hands roughly through his hair. Mike frowned and pulled Richie down. Richie made light of the situation and sent everyone tumbling into light-bellied giggles.

Stan felt the room go cold again. He swallowed, though it didn't help his suddenly dry throat. Bill shared his experience. He should let him know he isn't alone, right?

With a heavy tongue and a high voice, Stan admits that his nightmare is real, and fading from memory. Something in him says everyone knew what was happening.

Notes for the Chapter:

Come talk to me on Tumblr at hi-ho-silver-away !

3. Richie

Summary for the Chapter:

Richie feels his palms get sweaty as he enters the arcade, losers chatting absently behind him. There's a boy playing on the street fighter game and Richie's heart practically stops. He knows him.

Notes for the Chapter:

uh whats good my guys,,, i wrote two chapters and never published them lmao

um enjoy?? if you're still reading???

Richie Tozier always knew he liked boys. Sure, girls were pretty. They smelled nice and were soft and giggly. Girls like Bev were loud and less proper made him feel fuzzy too. Abbigail Miller even laughed at his jokes once in a while in geometry class. But boys gave him a different feeling. Instead of the sharp tingly sensation girls gave him, boys made him giddy and light, butterflies whirling in his stomach.

Bill's smile? *Celestial*. Absolutely stunning. Stan's bird book? Extraordinary. *Beautifully* crafted and plotted. Mike's laugh? *Euphoric*. Could light up an entire room. Eddie's eyes? *Oh my god, Eddie's eyes*. Richie could get lost in them for hours. Ben's writing? It makes him *melt like a popsicle*. Absolutely feel gooey and soft inside.

Richie loved Bev. So much. Her wild orange hair that curled around her ears and her soft pale skin that reddened under the summer sun. How she snorts when she laughs too hard, her gravelly voice at midnight when they have sleepovers. Her fashion sense and adorable accessories. Richie could go on and on.

It scares him sometimes. He loves his best friends more than friends. All of them. He's gay but likes girls. He loves more than one person romantically. Literally, everything that could get him killed in the 80's he was. *Except being black, of course*.

So, when Bill radioed him as he was lazing in his room, doodling sketches of drum sets and guitars in his notebook, he scrambled off the bed and stumbled to the edge of his desk, kicking off the piles of dirty shirts that were hiding the walkie talkie. "Richie, you c-copy? O-over." Richie grinned and answered Bill quickly, coughing once to make sure his voice didn't crack from being silent for the past fifteen minutes (he talks to himself, sue him).

"Present, Billy boy. What can I do to assist you, good sir? Over." Richie replied, his posh accent slipping through before he could stop it.

"Radio Eddie a-and S-Stan, tell t-them I-I called a meeting at the clubhouse in t-t-twenty. Over." Bill answered, his voice lighter than a second ago. Richie grinned and felt his chest lightly flutter at the thought of making Bill laugh in that soft way.

"Copy that Billiam. You'll go look for Ben, Bev, and Mike, right? Over." Richie knew Bill would want to find the others. He didn't really like talking through the talkies to much if he had pressing matters. He also knew Richie would take a full three hours to get to the clubhouse if he sent him.

"Y-Yeah. O-Over." Bill sounded a bit antsy, so Richie decided to let him go find the others instead of annoying him, which he itched to do.

"Alright. I'll go radio the other two. See you in twenty, big Bill. Over and out." Richie let go of the button and exhaled. He changed the station to Eddie's and waited for the boy to answer him, softly muttering Take on Me under his breath.

"What's up, Tozier? Over." Eddie's voice crackled through. Richie smiled dopily and snickered.

"You really don't wanna know, Kaspbrak. That's something only your mom would know-" Richie couldn't even finish his joke before Eddie was screeching at him.

"Beep fucking beep, trash mouth!" Eddie yelled, his voice almost blowing out the tiny box's speaker. Richie threw his head back and

laughed, making sure to keep the pressure on the talk button. Eddie grumbled on the line. Richie could already imagine his scrunched nose and rolling eyes.

“Was there any actual reason you radioed? Or did you just want someone to annoy to the death, you idiot? Over.” Eddie grumbled, grunting ‘shit’ when he dropped something distractedly.

“Yeah actually, Bill called us down to the clubhouse in twenty. Be there or be square. Over.” Richie taunted, pulling on his converse with a slight struggle. Eddie paused.

“Yes Richie, I get it, I’m slow.” Eddie groaned. Richie stopped for a second before cackling. *Eddie? Slow? Ha.* Eddie giggled, and it sounded like he was rooting around his closet for a second.

“Alright, I’ll meet you by the edge of the forest in ten Rich. Over and Out.” Eddie sighed contently into the radio. Richie hummed, though he knew Eddie wasn’t listening anymore. He took a second to fully calm his still giggle-filled breaths before he started calling out to Stan on his channel. It took Stan a bit longer, but he actually answered Richie, which was all he could ask for, really.

“I copy Richard. What do you want? I was in the middle of a very important bird cataloging, over.” Stan huffed into the talkie. Richie’s subconscious sighed lovingly. *Of course, you were Stanny,* Richie thought, forcing himself to not giggle into the receiver.

“Well, hurry up and get your rocks off to that bird, Stan, ‘cuz Bill wants us down at the clubhouse in sixteen,” Richie yelled. He knew it was unnecessary, but it was just on brand if he was honest.

“Alright Richie, I’ll meet you down there. Over and out.” Stan’s voice sounded strained as he spoke, but he let go of the button before Richie could say anything. Richie smiled again. *Oh, how you wound me with your curtness, Stanantha.*

Richie pushed himself up on knobby knees. He looked in the mirror for a second. Though missing his baggy Hawaiian shirt, Richie already had on his Guns N’ Roses shirt and shorts. He really didn’t feel like changing into a white shirt, so he picked up a mostly blue

Hawaiian shirt and slugged it on.

He was slightly sweaty since it was mid-summer and his hair had grown out a bit longer. Richie sighed and tugged at a strand. He really didn't feel like asking his mother to take him to a barbershop. He pulled it into a half up half down kind of thing and tied the scrunchie that he had jokingly bought tightly to the hair it was struggling to keep up.

Richie looked around his room, trying to decide what else to bring with him. He decided on his wallet and keys since he had nothing else to bring. Richie rode the railing of the stairs down, smiling widely as he jumped off and made his way toward the front door.

"Where are you goin', Richard?" Richie tensed. He wasn't aware that his mom was home. He turned slowly to meet her bored gaze. She was sat at the kitchen counter, a book resting on it and empty wine glass next to it. Her hair was up in a tight bun and she was still in her work clothes. Richie bleakly observed that the wine bottle was almost empty and the glass untouched. He smiled tensely.

"Just down to the creek, 'ma." He replied tersely. She grunted and continued reading the book, slumping over it. He narrowed his eyes and pursed his lips for a second. Though in the end, he spun on his heel just as quickly, scampering out of the house.

Richie peddled down the street, his shirt billowing behind him. He giggled and laughed his way to the hill just before the trees stopped the bike path. Eddie sat there, Stan's bike sitting next to his as he fiddled with blades of grass.

Richie grinned and skid to a stop in front of Eddie, who yelped and scrambled backward.

"Hardy har har, Richie." Eddie huffed, pushing him off the bike. Richie squeaked and went tumbling down, Eddie laughing above him. He grunted and pushed himself away from his now splayed out bike, leaning on his elbows to glare at the smug boy standing over him.

"This won't kill me, Ed's. Sorry to burst your bubble." Richie

grumbled. He grinned when Eddie murmured a small 'damn it' and stuck his hand out for Eddie to help him up.

The boy did so, and they took off into the first, casually dodging trees as they talked. Richie saw a trash bag a few feet away, so while Eddie was ranting, he slowed down behind Ed's and picked it up.

Richie grinned slyly and called Eddie. Eddie turned around, his brows furrowed in confusion before he screamed and leaped backward, almost tripping on roots in his haste to get away from the bag.

"Richie, you absolute motherfucker!" Eddie screamed, tumbling over his own feet and landing in the piles of leaves behind him. Richie winced but guffawed none the less, slowly approaching Eddie's fallen form while holding his quivering stomach.

"H-Holy shit, Eds, you took a helluva fall-" Richie snorted, covering his mouth as he laughed so hard tears blurred his vision. Eddie fumbled on the ground for a second before pushing himself off of the dirt. He dusted off his shirt and rubbed at his scuffed knees. Eddie glowered at Richie and hit his chest, causing the giggly boy to tumble backward and lean against a tree.

"You're an ass, Richie. I swear to god my mom's gonna freak out when she sees how scraped my knees are. Shit, I've got a bruise on my back to and- Richie! This is all your fucking fault," Eddie whined, pulling Richie forward to continue their trek to the clubhouse.

Richie sighed and bumped his shoulder to Eddie's, grinning softly with a blush pink face. Eddie scoffed and flicked his glasses askew in retaliation. Richie startled for a second, but fixed them, huffing about Eddie being a spoilsport.

They'd approached the clubhouse lid, once again bickering about Miss Kaspbrak's 'late-night hobbies.'

"I'm just saying Edelina, you should show your stepdad some respect." Richie teased as Eddie, and he descended the ladder into the clubhouse.

"Oh, shut the fuck up, Trashmouth. I'll respect you when I'm dead."

Eddie groaned, both boys making their way to the hammock by muscle memory. Richie pulled Eddie into a headlock when he heard him mutter “respect” and then snort. Eddie yelped and crashed into him, struggling against Richie’s hold while the taller boy snickered. He stopped when he noticed Stan in the corner, eyes pink and puffy. Richie’s face fell as he saw Stan shrink into himself when he looked at him.

“Hey Stanley, what are you doing over there by your lonesome? Come help me christen Edward into the cult.” Richie grinned at him and made his way over to Stan, who was still curled into a ball. Stan had his nose on his knees as he tried to even out his breathing.

“Mind your own business, Rich.” Stan huffed, hiding his face entirely in his legs. Richie frowned and hesitated for a second, before making up his mind. He hummed and pushed Stan’s face out of his position, pressing a hand to his forehead and letting his mouth curl upwards into his silly smile.

“We’ve discussed this, Staniel, no can do. Now stop making out with your knobby knees and tell me what’s wrong.” Richie snickered, hand moving up to curl into Stan’s hair. Stan flinches but cuts it abruptly. Richie’s teasing smile slipped down into a frown. Stan flinching was one thing, but hiding it was another. Richie’s resolve to make Stan happy only grew tremendously after he felt the pang of hurt in his heart from Stan’s actions.

“The painting in dad’s office freaked me out again. It was worse this time though. Full-blown panic and everything.” Stan whispered; mouth still set firmly behind his knees. Richie’s mind raced for a second, reminding him of when he didn’t take his meds.

Richie blinked, and in that second, memories flashed when his eyelids were closed. Stan, with bandages framing his face. Stan crying in a dark, damp room, bleeding wounds on his head. Stan grinning in a field with the rest of them in a circle as they chuckled. Richie swallowed and strengthened his resolve, not letting the confusion that ran through his brain deter him from making Stan feel better. He grinned again, a smile growing wider as he spoke.

“Stanny boy, why didn’t you just say so? I mean, I knew you were

into boys, but golly gee, Stan, I didn't know you were afraid of women!" Richie snickered. Stan rolled his eyes but didn't declare his hate for Richie. *No dice, I guess.*

Richie frowned again and pulled Stan's leg towards him. Stan looked at him strangely but didn't protest the movement. Eddie, who seemed to know what Richie was getting at, scrambled over and quickly snuggled into Stan's side, while Richie flopped onto Stan's lap.

The new position seemed to make Stan relax, which made Richie let out a sigh of relief. *I should 'a figured touch would calm ol' Stan the Man. He likes to pretend he's cold, but I distinctly remember the fourth grade's hug count: sixty-eight.* They stayed like that for a few minutes, Eddie humming Abba under his breath distractedly. Richie held up Stan's bird book, reading it half-assed but flipping the page when Stan twitched.

They had only been sitting for a good 20 minutes before Stan was shifting in discomfort. Eddie looked at Richie pointedly, who shrugged and got off of Stan, following Eddie to the hammock.

Eddie and Richie settled in, comic books open in their laps and voices loud but soft as they conversed. Out of the corner of his eye, Richie saw Stan smile and lean back onto the wall, flipping through his book calmly. Richie grinned softly, lost in his thoughts when Eddie snorted.

"Could you be any more love-struck, you idiot," He laughed. Richie startled a bit but puffed out his cheeks and pinched Eddie's.

"Only for you, my prince." Richie swooned; voice sixteen octaves higher as he mocked Eddie. Eddie scoffed and slapped his hand away, rubbing at the sore skin. The short boy scowled and punched Richie's shoulder, who laughed and settled back down to read his comic. Eddie huffed but did so as well.

It took the rest of the losers more than twenty minutes to arrive, as Richie expected. He figured Bill took a bit to explain what was happening to the losers who didn't have talkies yet. Bill, Mike, Ben, and Beverley sat down in the middle of the clubhouse. Stan shuffled over, and Richie pushed Eddie off the hammock, causing them to

both go tumbling as they neared the group, laughing and pushing each other as they rolled into their open seats at the circle.

Richie watched as they all greeted each other, the air light-hearted. He looked over at Bill, who was looking down and biting his lip. Richie frowned, knowing Bill called them here for some reason that wouldn't be happy. *Please don't move away, not like Bev was supposed to*, he thought fleetingly.

"I-I fuh-forgot G-Ge-Georgie," Richie's ears ring like a bomb went off right in front of him. A mantra of *Georgiewho'sGerogiewhydoesithurt* - Georgie. **George Denbrough**. Bill's brother- hell, his brother, *his dead brother*. For the second time that day, Richie gets a pounding migraine to accompany the flashes of memories.

*Bill, Georgie, and him playing tag and pirates in the Denbrough's backyard in third grade. Helping Georgie with his science homework at the dining table- **the mitochondria are the powerhouse of the cell, Georgie-pie!** "Thanks, Rich-Rich, but what's the difference between lightning and thunder."*- His smiling face flashed, dimples deep, and platonic love racing through him at the speed of light. Tickling Georgie until he cried with laughter, teaching Georgie to ride his bike, little training wheels straining as he tried to keep up with Bill and him.

Richie's eyes burned, at the memories, the last one hitting him like a truck. The funeral. They had a closed casket because there wasn't a body to show. Richie remembers sneaking in through Bill's window and crying silently, hugging the Denbrough loosely as Bill sobbed into his neck. Richie swallowed, finally breaking the silence.

"Shit, Bill." Richie sighed, wiping the palms of his hands on his shorts.

"Y-Yeah," Bill exhaled, rubbing his cheek harshly. Everyone pressed closer together, trying to comfort him.

"T-they cleaned o-o-o-out h-his r-room an-and I-I didn't e-even kn-kn-kn-know," Bill whimpered. Richie saw red, his ears roaring with how fast blood rushed to his cheeks, making him red with anger. *Those absolute assholes!* Richie can now see their distant eyes when they passed over Bill like they didn't see him. Richie doesn't really know

why he didn't notice before, *why he doesn't remember anything he should.*

Richie paced and yelled, vaguely noticing the rest of the losers had huddled closer to Bill as he sniffled and cried. As much as he was cursing Bill's parents to hell and back, he was mad at himself. Richie knows (knew?) about Bill's home life. He knows about Georgie. He shouldn't forget things as big as this. Bill, his best friend since kinder, his brother, has suffered so much and Richie can't remember it? He can't even remember *Georgie*.

"Rich, c'mon," Mike warned in his soft-parental voice. Richie felt his anger melt into sadness and confusion. He slumped over, and shakily took Mike's outstretched hand. Mike pulled Richie down, hard enough that the lanky boy tumbled practically into his lap. Richie didn't see the point in moving, so he settled against Mike and let the broader boy hold him gently.

"Sorry, Billy boy. Couldn't help but get riled up, to protect your honor, sir." Richie used his British voice in an attempt to get Bill to laugh. When Bill does huff out his cute laugh, Richie grinned and scrunched his nose up, crossing his eyes at Bill. Making the losers laugh was his most significant achievement and his only pride.

"Rich, I swear to god, your face is gonna get even uglier if you keep fucking doing that!" Eddie squawked. Richie gasped and reeled back into Mike as far as he could, putting a hand on his chest dramatically.

"The nerve, Edward! I'll have you know your mother loves this mug, and nothing you say can change it, mister!" Richie wags his finger in Eddie's face, who yelped and slapped it away.

They squabbled and laughed as Eddie scolded him loudly. Richie just threw his head back and cackled loudly. Eddie squealed and tried to scramble away from him, scooting across the floor quickly. Richie followed him, still giggling as they rough-housed with the losers still laughing around them.

Bill was still giggling and wheezing when they quieted. The losers watched him with soft smiles, melting for the soft lopsided grin on his face. Richie was still soft and surrounded in a hazy cloud of pride

when he's jolted out of it by Stan.

"I, I forgot too."

Richie stops. He feels his grin slip off, the soft breathing of the loser's fade. If Richie was paying attention, he would say it sounded like he had just jumped into the quarry, the split second where the water stops moving around you. It should be peaceful, but it only lasts a second before it sounds like Richie is screaming inside his own head. *Stan forgot and so did I I'm not insane I'm not crazy I'm not, insane? But Stan forgot and so did Bill and his mom and Dad and so did I – what made me forget? What's in my head make it stop everything's so fuzzy I can't remember-*

Richie's thoughts came to a stop when he heard Eddie's breath shutter. Richie rubbed at his eyes from under his glasses and shuffled closer to Eddie. He reached out a hand to the boy but tensed as his mind flashed again.

Bill, Stan, Eddie and him walking down the hall on the last day of school, talking about Stan's Bar mitzvah, passing by the Bowers gang, Patrick licking his lips at Richie. Him joking about them signing his yearbook. Dumping out the contents of his backpack right outside the doors. Bill in the sewer. Eddie stopping mid-sentence, looking away from him and Bill, both of whom were still standing in greywater. Stan whines- we're supposed to be having fun! - Bill holding a shoe, Richie hopping on one leg, and shutting up when his heart is in his throat because no one laughed. Ben crashing into the water behind them, startling them.

Ben getting carved up by Henry Bowers. How- when did bowers get to him?

Richie gets startled out of his trance by hands shaking him. He blinks and is met by Mike's face, holding him by the neck and one on his waist. He could feel Eddie's hand on his arm and the other on his cheek. Richie could faintly feel damp streaks on his cheeks.

"Rich c'mon, look at me. Breathe, alright?" Mike tried to get Richie to focus on him, but Richie was still scrambling to remember what was happening. He dragged his numb hands up to cup Eddie's and the other to rest against Mike's.

“Mike- what, what happened?” Richie slurred, blinking rapidly to get the dots out of his vision. Eddie answers him instead.

“You froze, Rich. Just stopped moving. Your eyes glazed over, did you have a seizure? Holy shit, Richie did you just have a fucking seizure? Ma says you don’t have to start seizing and convulsing to have a seizure, guys I think we should-” Eddie rambled looking over at the others, who almost immediately tried to calm him down too before he worked himself up into a coughing fit.

“I-I was remembering.” Richie murmured. When he looked up and realized Eddie was still freaking out, he rose his voice and shuffled forward on his knees to get closer to the boy.

“I was remembering, Eds.” Eddie inhaled deeply but looked at him strangely.

“Remembering what, Rich?” The boy asked, eyebrows furrowed and mouth set into a grimace. Richie licked his lips and wrung his hands nervously, noticing the losers were now all looking at him. He cleared his throat before explaining. “

I was remembering Georgie. H-how we played together on school days and stuff. I also remembered the” Richie swallows nervously, “The clown. *Holy shit, what the fuck!* Guys, the clown! How, how did we forget the clown?” Richie exhales, hand flying up to his mouth to bite at his nails. Mike pushes his hand back down, so Richie bounces his leg instead. Bev looked at Ben for a second and looked back to Richie cautiously. Richie felt his stomach plummet when he met her eyes.

“Richie, *what clown?*”

Notes for the Chapter:

come talk to me on Tumblr at *nieve-blancas!*

or join my discord server for It!

<https://discord.gg/XckEYVt>

4. Richie ii

Notes for the Chapter:

yeah rich got a pt 2 because i, hate myself :)

uh warnings include homophobic slurs and violence!
not written well, but blood is spilled :(

Richie's throat closed and he felt himself choke. He heard Stan groan and let out a whine. Richie clenched his jaw and scrambled to get up, tripping over his own feet.

"Bev, the fucking clown! He- He took you after you beat your dad over the head! Are you fucking kidding me!" Richie yelled, pulling at his hair and staring at his friends. Stan had shuffled closer to him, as had Bill. Eddie had immediately followed them, but he could tell Eddie was still confused. Bev held out her hand in a placating manner, with Mike and Ben still beside her.

Richie's eyes stung as he thought rapidly. *Bill just admitted he forgot, we all forgot, why can't they remember that fucking clown?* Stan was clinging to him, sniffing and trembling. Bill was clenching his fist and holding onto his sleeve tightly.

"Richie, I don't know what you're talking about. If you'd just sit then maybe we can-" Beverley's voice was blurred as a giggly, sinister voice replaced hers.

"Aw, poor Richie's going insane. He remembers," the clown snickers and giggles in his head, ***"he remembers ol' Pennywise."*** Richie felt bile running up his throat and he gagged, turning and fleeing up the ladder, gagging uncontrollably.

Richie toppled over a few feet away from the clubhouse, dropping to his knees and holding his stomach as he vomited. He cried violently, letting the sobs wrack his body (vomiting hurt, alright-).

He felt a hand touch his shoulder, and he scrambled away, yelling a bit and stumbling into the trunk of a tree. Bill stood in front of him,

biting his lip guiltily. Richie vaguely noticed that his eyes were red and puffy.

“Sor-sorry, Richie. Sh-should've told y-you it w-wa-was m-me.” Bill apologized. Richie shook his head and took a shuddering breath.

“Nah, not your fault ‘m jumpy, Billy. Help me up, will ya?” Richie grinned tensely. Bill frowned but pulled him up, staring at him silently as he dusted off his pants and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. Before they could figure out what to do, they hear a sniff behind them. They whirled around, Bill throwing an arm across Richie, and sagged when they realized it was just Stan.

“You left me,” Stan muttered, hugging himself tensely. Richie tensed and felt Bill do the same, still holding on to Richie.

“St-Stan, I t-told y-you I wa-was goi-going f-for Ri-Richie,” Bill said cautiously. Stan shook his head and started shaking, crying as he approached them.

“You left me! You left me! You left me, Billy!” Stan screamed, pulling at his hair. Richie bit his tongue as Stan morphed into Georgie, missing an arm and bloody. Bill’s breath hitched and Richie felt his arm go slack. Richie panicked and clung to the arm when he felt Bill prepare to step forward.

“Bill no, don’t- don’t get closer, Bill, back the fuck up, holy shit,” Richie screamed, pulling Bill backward behind him. Georgie grinned with rows of pointy teeth and morphed into a Werewolf, its bones cracking and vibrating as he did. Richie felt a sob escape him before he could stop it, and suddenly Bill was pulling both of them deeper into the woods, Richie stumbling behind him.

Richie panted and held onto Bill’s hand like a lifeline as he sprinted, Bill weaving around trees and hopping over roots clumsily. Richie was still dry-heaving a bit as they ran, his throat raw and ragged.

Richie felt himself lose his footing, and before he could properly process what was happening, let go of Bill’s hand and pushed the other boy forward. Richie landed with a grunt, glasses cracking against the stone he landed on. He scrambled to push himself up, his

palms stinging and rubbed raw from his landing. Before he could, however, he heard a roar (giggle?) from right behind him, making him freeze for a second.

Richie frantically pushed himself up, getting on his knees before he felt the sting of claws digging into his back. Richie whimpered and pushed away from the monster, but its claws had sunk deep enough that running away would only hurt more.

With blood pounding in his ears, Richie tensed and rolled over, tears escaping his eyes and a scream tearing out of his mouth involuntarily. The creature on top of him growled and swiped its claws again, only a second after Richie curled into himself and brought his hands up to protect his head.

“Holy shit!” Richie screamed, tears stinging his eyes just as much as the claw marks marring his back and arms. He kicked his legs wildly, but the werewolf only roared (***fair** boy, **dirty** boy!*) and pinned them down, claws piercing Richie’s calves agonizingly.

Richie’s vision swam with dark spots and his stomach clenched and tremored violently in terror. *Please, Bill- Bill help- this hurts so fucking much- Bill Bill Bill-* his mind pounded relentlessly as he whimpered and screamed at the creature. Richie was struggling to fight off the monster, its jaws open and showing off yellow pointy teeth that cut like a knife to paper. His arms were shaking, the adrenaline only adding to the burn in his forearms. Just as Richie’s arms were going to give out, the monster yowled.

It tucked its tail between its legs and shook its head frantically as it scurried away, huffing and whimpering. Richie lay panting on the floor for a beat, cheeks damp and body stinging. He felt Bill’s hands jostle him around, pulling him to his feet and hugging him tightly.

“Ho-holy shi-shit, Richie,” Bill gasped, pulling away to inspect Richie’s torn and raw hands. Richie sniffed and grinned at Bill lazily, eyes drooping in exhaustion.

“Took one ‘ell uva a beatin’ huh, Billy boy?” Richie murmurs, coughing slightly and grimacing at his poor accent. Bill’s brows furrowed but he grinned tensely, turning and crouching in front of

Richie. He scoffed but climbed on to Bill's back with little trouble, curling his arms around Bill's neck and touching his forehead to Bill's shoulder. Bill chuckled a bit as Richie mumbled incoherently.

They made their way back to the clubhouse at a slow rate, Richie hissing occasionally when Bill's stumbling on wobbly knees jostled his wounded back. When they neared the clubhouse entrance, the rest of the losers stood around it, looking nervous and shifty-eyed. Eddie was the first to spot them, and he let out a shrill "Richie!" and scrambled over, trying to examine Bill's scratched cheek and Richie's clawed form. Bill laughed and let Richie topple off of his back, landing on shaky knees with a grunt, Eddie immediately working around him like a hummingbird on an energy drink.

"Eddie, Eds, 'm alright," Richie shudders, suddenly going cold, "I swear. Just a bit of an altercation." Richie laughs, trying to push Eddie away gently. Eddie frowned and stepped back, moving to circle Richie.

"Richie, Bill, what the fuck happened to you guys?" Beverley asked, lips pouting in confusion. Richie glanced at Bill, but when he figured Bill's stutter would probably increase if he talked about it, he decided to *explain*.

"Well, Beverley dearest, the clown you don't remember decided to impersonate Stan, Bill's dead brother, and finally, a werewolf! A whole werewolf! That pinned me under its claws and cut at my skin until I was sobbing! Fun!" Richie spat, mouth wobbling as he realized how much his injuries hurt. *Okay, more like snap, but shit his body hurt.*

Beverley stared at him blankly for a second before exhaling and pinching the bridge of her nose.

"Richie, look. I'm sorry for treating you like you were crazy when you explained at the clubhouse, but I can't remember what you want me too. So please, let's all calm down, get you checked out, then we can have an actual conversation about this, okay, Richie?" Bev asked, walking forward and hugging Richie. Richie deflated and wrapped his hands around her waist, but pulled away when her hands rested on the ragged skin of his back.

Bev pulled away gently and gasped, examining her bloodied hands. Eddie screamed and stumbled forward, closer to Richie.

“Holy crap, Richie- these, these are fucking bad- your back! Rich, you’re still bleeding holy shit you’re gonna get AIDS, and- and-” Eddie rambled, switching from tugging at his hair to awkwardly hovering his hands over Richie’s bloodied back. Richie stepped away and whirled around, trying to block Eddie’s view of his back.

“Richie, that looks bad, we should go clean that up,” Stan said, face pinching in concern. Richie looked over his shoulder, trying weakly to assess the throbbing injury on his back. Mike perked up from his slouched position on the tree trunk.

“We could go back to my place! Grandpa’s out making grain deliveries.” Mike suggested, fiddling with his hands a bit. Eddie nodded hurriedly and grabbed at Richie’s wrist, pulling the boy forward. He stopped, however when Richie hissed and pulled away.

“Gee Eds, love ya’ too, but calm yourself, sugar! I’m fragile goods!” Richie teased, hopping on obediently when Bill crouched in front of him. Eddie rolled his eyes and muttered “don’t call me that,” but apologized and the losers made their way back to their bikes. Mike caught up with them after a few feet, having gone back for Eddie and Stan’s bags, which always held first aid items.

They all hopped on to their bikes, Bev taking Richie’s, seeing as he had taken her seat on Bill’s. They rode through town quickly, keeping a lookout for Bowers, because encountering that airhead was the last thing they needed, and soon enough they were up the hill and racing toward Mike’s house.

Mike ushered them through the front door, Bill carrying (a now loopy) Richie through the door and setting him down on the towel-covered section of the couch Mike had set up. Eddie and Stan got to work quickly, rifling through their bags for antiseptics and gauze.

Richie couldn’t help but giggle as Eddie prodded gently at the gashes on his back, the area has gone numb a while ago. Eddie frowned and stopped cleaning, looking into Richie’s eyes. Richie grinned wider.

“Aw, Eddie Spaghetti, I know you love my eyes, but I think we have more pressing matters.” Richie slurred; eyes half-lidded. Stan rolled his eyes and continued to look for the Neosporin, while Eddie scoffed.

“I’m trying to make sure you didn’t hit your head or are going through shock, dumbass. Your eyes are hazy, Richie. That’s bad.” Eddie said, grabbing Richie’s chin and moving it back and forth, still looking steadily into his eyes. Richie hummed but said nothing else, content on letting his friends inspect him if it meant he got to nap.

Faintly, Richie could hear Bill, Mike, and Bev in the kitchen, cupboards occasionally shutting with a soft thump. Ben was now joining Stanely on his search for the cream, and Eddie was still trying to disinfect the scratches on his arms.

“Shit. Stan, any luck?” Eddie asked, and Richie noticed that he felt warm liquid seeping out of the gashes on his back. He shifted in discomfort but hissed and curled into himself when he felt a stinging pain go from his skinned knees to the gash closest to his neck. Eddie cursed again and Stan hurried to rummage through his bag, throwing gauze at Eddie distractedly.

“Just wrap it up, for now, Eddie, he might be bleeding out,” Stan whispered, shaking hands still looking through his and Eddie’s bag. Richie smiled at Ben, who stood in the corner nervously. The pudgy boy smiled weakly back but scurried into the kitchen a second later. Richie sighed as deeply as he could, which wasn’t very deep without feeling like he would hack up phlegm.

Eddie pulled off Richie’s shirt and overshirt, a little disgruntled when the boy only grunted, and didn’t make the “I know you want me in bed eds, but not in front of Stan!” joke that he had been expecting. Eddie prompted Richie to turn sideways, which he did stiffly, muttering to himself.

“Fuck, Richie, that thing got you good huh?” Eddie sighed, giving the area one last light wipe and wrapping the gauze around Richie’s torso. Richie hissed and flinched away, but bit his tongue and let Eddie try to stop the bleeding. The pain had finally settled into a dull ache instead of the searing pain that made him dizzy on the way here.

Bill scurried into the room, carrying a glass of water and three pills, handing them to Richie gently before sitting in front of Stan, letting him clean the scratch on his cheek and pull a bandage securely over it. Richie grimaced at the pills, but threw them into his mouth and gulped down the glass of water quickly.

“So, how long do I have to live, doc?” Richie groaned, throwing an arm over his eyes and flinging himself back into the couch. Eddie grimaced and winced when Richie landed on his freshly bandaged back. Richie grinned softly, knowing Eddie was going to get riled up if he kept rolling around and messing with the bandages.

“Hopefully long enough to get out of my life, you dipshit,” Eddie grumbled, slapping Richie’s hands away from poking and the scratches on his forearms. Richie grumbled but stopped, crossing his legs and sitting tenderly on the couch as the rest of the losers walked in from the kitchen and sat scattered around him.

Eddie took a seat next to him on the couch, as did Stan, with Bill on the floor in front of them. Beverly sat on the recliner to their left, with Mike on the armrest and Ben leaning on her knees. Richie saw the divide and shifted uncomfortably, but said nothing as Bev stared blankly at them.

“Okay, Rich. Can you please tell me what we're forgetting now?” Beverly asked. While her words were blunt, her tone was softer and Richie felt himself relax slightly. Richie nodded and gulped, thinking of a way to start. “Last day of school of last year, would be the beginning, I think,”

Notes for the Chapter:

come talk to me at [nieve-blancas](#) on tumblr!

Author's Note:

come talk to me on tumblr at [hi-ho-silver-away](#) !